

big sky windows vista

dimitri karakostas

desire assistance / control books  
2019



i may just  
fuck around  
and go ahead  
and jazz up  
the syntax

one of those books  
he was 21  
wildly popular, a bestseller  
a movement, a manual  
a holy calling, a prerequisite

the book sold more than a million copies

built on a promise  
there more be a formula

a legacy of youthful certainty  
a purity culture code

a new attitude against low expectations  
an immediate sensation

true love waits as  
a crazy backwards performance

an independent investigation

shame, disillusionment,  
dysfunction, divorce

is the biggest thing i've ever done  
a huge mistake?

its own particular mystery  
its own significant changes

a complicated endeavor with  
no magic formula

a low commitment good time  
an occasional time waster

a text only fantasy

i've done it myself  
just walked into what not to do  
- to me, at least

the future is really clear  
and there is no better way  
to proceed

yes, you did a wrong thing,  
letter writer

there's nothing to congratulate you on  
the best you could hope for is an absence of harm  
definitely finally

... writing poems in shower in... it's own quiet way - like  
what am i doing -

... with my time -----

i'm reading and uh,

responding...

i'm just thinking

in the interest of self-correcting

(i hate multitasking)

i drink two beers and then -

then - i have coffee

“i am married to my work,”

i think

while i ignore the dog

by nature, i'm tired

but built for sin

well -

well -

well -

you are a rotisserie chicken,  
i tell you -

you  
glisten golden and  
sweat delicious tender

you  
nude on the beach  
and  
i think of food instead

i should have told you what i was working on

it's another love poem!  
for you and only you  
again -

i wrote it for you while  
i was at work

the dog ate a flower  
you called it a petunia  
you looked at the dog  
and called her petunia  
and now you're both  
petunia to me

(now here's the thing)

my life garden has been stomped on  
and not much else grows  
but i have a few petunias  
i water and feed and  
they seem to be happy  
where they are

i have a lot of friends  
they think either poems are  
too long  
or too short or -  
why do you even do this thing?

what if someone spiked my drink  
when i went to the washroom?

my poems are casual -  
like, lay beside someone you know and love and -

you just stop thinking

it's - you know -  
my poems

they are like  
watching the office on netflix  
again and again and again

erotica:

evolutionary human desires  
beyond my technical capability

to be elite and joyless  
spontaneously lifting your shirt

celery, pineapple = significance  
blossoms in a closed institution

i'm not too proud to take a pill for it

2257 compliance  
my dreams aren't sexy  
i don't think they should be

should they be?

the underlying notion to perform  
like you're being watched

provided that my mood doesn't swing sour  
and i've shaved in the morning

google what you've always wanted  
universally distributed desire

my venezuela  
as something sublime

it is a grey day  
you are reading out loud in a grey hat

you took your coat off  
and stood in the rain  
you always crazy like that

we are so self-absorbed  
i told you that

a cortado  
a class issue

this morning  
your eggs over easy

everything must go  
liquidation sale

cleaning solvents  
forever summer in  
the used book store

half-love-letter

this, a tool  
to serve your needs

i would prefer to die in a traditional way

they had to study latin  
they had to study greek

i can't believe it

it's a miracle

i can rarely express myself in my own words

moving on

every film needs a filmmaker  
a prayer, a desperation

your name becomes synonymous  
with natural disaster

formal requests aside  
i can relate to this

the letter 'd' in greek

we talk of our bubble  
our ecosystem  
like it's a bad thing

who invited the animals  
to make an appearance  
at the end of your poem

it just happened like that  
i suppose

it doesn't involve you  
anyway

i mop floors lazily  
but i do it every day

i wash dishes like i'm still mad  
about 9/11

we want things to work out  
in the end

whispered coda  
to me

i don't think i can resume  
this american life

a biological need  
beyond the city

even past the florist  
that sells lillies  
destined to die  
in a day  
but still you buy them

i congratulate myself  
and celebrate by  
reheating a coffee

still, i don't tend to  
finish much work these days

i ready books i should have never bought  
i never should have bought and  
i especially shouldn't have read

i fake insurance papers because -  
why not?  
because i can?

can i write about moving?  
new brunswick?  
jail?

how could you leave me  
when i needed to

side effects of phenibut include  
nausea, irritability, dizziness, headaches,  
and others

i've come home, i'm so cold

i calculate my time by  
minimum wage detail

i will not write a preface

it's natural

apparently descriptive statements  
reveal circumstance  
through mistakes

either, or else

“ambition”  
being a synonym for  
“not good yet”

i must not be joking

for example

i must not be writing a poem

outward, or visible

my spiritual assumption  
of a spiritual shackle

promising, or merely  
a matter of uttering words

our word is our bond  
your word, i bet  
i do  
a commitment to fact

our work is our bond

consider  
you will remember

heaven help us  
say something  
do something  
i assume  
worth considering  
no doubt

i am drawing your attention  
to something else  
true or false

a characteristic mark of  
certain people in certain circumstances

which bring out the  
void without effect

a letter number letter sequence  
an incomplete classification

-  
god in lowercase  
me, the cat on your lap  
or dog

dog being italicized

after established victory  
and defeat  
and exhilarated

in habit  
we turn back to kissing

it's just a sunshower  
it's just a bit of rain

in a white dress

in a white room  
with black curtains

the dog just barks

the dog eats books if you  
leave her alone for too long

in a white room  
the dog just barks

i'm with you in a one-bedroom apartment  
where we hug and kiss the puppy  
under our bedsheets

the united states of the dog  
that barks all night  
and wont let us sleep

people get weed giggly  
marijuana giggly  
over ice cream

you prepay your credit card  
and you need more \$\$\$  
for books

that's why

someone is mastering  
a .wav from an .mp3  
and back again

i value my alone time  
this is why i cannot meet you  
for coffee

the sports star's house is  
white, clean -  
all reflective surfaces  
they are never home, right?  
i assume the hired help  
keep it this way?

saddam  
hung in low quality video

where is my bin laden cell phone video  
huh?

must read 50 pages a day  
in this book i don't want to read  
but write a book about regardless

infra-red  
ultra-violet

this,  
being inherited from the  
novelistic tradition

first, common sense  
next, experience

bright in vision  
if we carry out  
certain operations properly

non-essential  
sentences and words  
spoken in my voice or  
written on a screen

“the frightful laugh of the idiot”

the public enemy  
the public, enemy

let us begin at the beginning

artistotle's definition of the rationality of the poem -  
ideal causality

ok - if we start here -  
we can easily say that things change  
no - things stay the same, but the circumstances change

there is no longer any measurement,  
anything in common

are you thinking  
rage against the machine  
blood, banks,  
dr. martin luther king

a man dying of hunger  
demands justice

you gotta sell out eventually  
all black paintings  
sell quicker

god, i want to prosper

to provide,  
to be precise

how to rework  
the work  
and make it work  
for once

am i just a love song  
in the age of subject hopping?

am i more suited  
to an art gallery?

how do i focus  
on work  
that contains anything  
that contains everything  
?

records, books, paper,  
staying indoors in the sunshine

paralyzed  
by culture in general  
by nihilism in particular

terrible black and white

“i’m so sweaty, hug me”

me, i’m good at waiting for you

i fixed history  
one personal history  
so mired in dissolution  
and exaggeration that  
i, that - i,  
i hate hearing people’s stories

you, the great illusion

kidnapped,  
held at gunpoint,  
hacked,  
escaped via motorcycle,  
robbed,  
lost a passport,  
assumed a different identity,  
smuggled in a cargo ship

establishing a mythos for  
some future partner  
to fawn over

the point being -

it being too hot  
so the dog barks  
and she whines  
and i sleep on the couch  
or try to, at least,  
with her on my knees  
feeling safe

she is probably barking right now -

me, being away from home  
her, unaware i'll be back soon

i clean dust from the ac unit  
i should clean the floor  
i washed the dishes  
with the dog at my feet

i am not sure what direction  
this work is taking

it's not up to me, i suppose  
i couldn't imagine being positive

mystery,  
as developed by mallarme,  
as adopted by godard

originally, they both whispered

am i being overly political  
or absentmindedly contemptuous

i point and feel unable to adjust  
i am the same as yesterday, and you?

adapting a laid-back lifestyle  
indifferent, but - no, not falling back  
into the problematic drinking and drugging  
to - "kill time"  
no, this is less -  
hmm, uhhh -  
disconnected

"too many words"  
repeated  
"too many words"

i do not intend to respond to this claim

i do not need to  
paint or write graffiti  
or take photographs or make blogposts  
at this current time

i fall asleep early  
i fall asleep while you watch the office

i, i - i do not know  
why you are so angry all of the time

why are you yelling,  
i'm sure the whole building can you hear you

everything bragging in this myth  
i don't have any interest in

there is nothing visible and true  
i'm feeling discouraged  
i am talking too much

poems become increasingly rare  
shorter, even

something dry,  
refreshing

viognier, maybe

i'm not sick of reading or writing  
i'm just bored or distracted, maybe

distracted -  
i check the time again and  
i'm distracted

on the other hand,  
i'm learning how to be dry-eyed  
in the real world

you, distributed over the greek landscape

we dance after a few drinks  
you lay in bed and sweat

my goodness,  
we spend a lot of money doing nothing  
we spend a lot of money and i'm always surprised

we pay in cash and disregard reciepts  
we did two things and spent \$200

at what point did i become  
afraid of the grocery store?

am i just lazy?  
no, i know it's just a waste of money  
i don't like cooking

i should wake up two hours earlier every day

i haven't been sleeping because of the dog  
the dog barks to pee at 6:50am every day

that's fine,  
i usually have to pee around then, too

what do you mean your credit card is maxed out!  
you haven't done anything!

i order food for pickup  
schnitzel sandwich  
no grabiche (it's gross)

the same thing every week

you're not matching my energy  
you're not being nice to me

you beat the rain,  
the thunderstorm

it's raining, but i suppose  
it's not raining-raining

is it your nose ring that smells  
or the hole itself?

dead skin cells, sweat,  
sebum, it's the sebum  
(oily secretion something)

someone is screaming  
something something  
watch and fucking learn,  
you fucking -  
oh, you're going to get it

let's commit a crime  
as a bonding exercise  
something petty

let's do something fucking illegal  
in this sunshine  
the city's so famous for

i will never be a famous poet  
because i don't romanticize the landscape

i will never be a famous poet  
because i am not friendly

an-envelope-of-money  
as-a-way-of-life

who will be my fate?

up and down  
on holy books and graves

infinite space  
for bad dreams

i'd be a mouse  
or a cat

as variable as it is missing  
not cleaning but considering

never answered seriously

(when it comes to being true,  
at least true to me)

two turntables  
too expensive  
2 realize it

but you're  
all toast  
no bread

tonight  
i'll be home before  
the streetlights turn on

defaulting on washed-out

destroying pleasures by naming them  
sign/signifier

consider the premise  
folders titled 'footnotes'  
and in interviews, confessing  
“she dreamt she was alone in an empty field”

paradise,  
something similar

whatever

who needed  
“the invention of morel”

was it marker?

herzog had his “peregrine,”  
that i remember

afraid of mirrors - still  
we speak with intimacy

trip-hop, terracotta, tourists  
things i need to fix

no locks work  
or they are weak, at least

just talking books  
sunset nervous

the word “eternally”  
is no exaggeration

the world  
a better place

there, you see

the repetition of activity  
maintaining its attributes forever  
not an optical illusion

a nose bleed written in a story,  
but not in reality

i exist to  
charge my phone  
eat expensive meals  
and be horny at inconvenient times

let me sweeten this fantasy by reminding you  
i'm writing in public  
and i don't carry a backpack

the rain came and greyed the sky  
and went away again

the rain turned to steam on mid-july pavement

you are preparing salad at the sink  
making a mess for me to clean

i read of you  
in rilke

an apocalyptic breakdown  
of you  
before you were you  
to me

some security, please!  
stop vandalizing my dreams!

i read your name on a wall  
forgetting it was me that wrote it  
true blue montreal  
me and you

dry humping  
zero dark sexy

the word “sex” means less

yves klein blue  
eyes pantone primary

for a few moments  
everything is empty

all maxims dropped between  
due black and bruise

oh, he's just airing out his suicide lines  
the rehearsed ones  
i don't feel good  
avoiding touch, flinching  
i'm just, uh, lol  
crushed by sunlight  
if i died, i wouldn't be worried about  
writing or painting  
lol  
climate change  
i can't recall how cold it was last winter  
or warm  
lol  
right  
i don't care

let's get this bandage off quick

all capital letters  
if it kills me

your name means oblivion  
in a forgotten language

multivitamins to fix my mood, everything  
taken seriously  
seriously do noting anyways

in unnatural focus

all the time you're obvious

steadily more fantastic  
marked by rapid shifts

the whole thing  
without being crushed

i went to sleep  
productive in myth  
and bad dreams

paperback herbal remedies

everything matching up so fast  
you could hardly speak

someone baking cookies  
someone barely reading

locking into situations  
corrected  
feelings run away

a permanent job  
automatic reflex  
fighting  
dark at 5:15

subtle misunderstanding  
until surrender

stop the car  
delusion

acquired new emptiness  
stumbling out of biography

passionate details  
and endurance  
before coffee

once going, you couldn't stop me  
this whole miserable story

you're being dramatic  
it's really you, isn't it

in spite of our difference

readily available to become addicted to  
vice, surveyed in retrospect

(this, a study in clickbait)

it was late, i bought us drinks  
a single piece of the puzzle  
plus 20% tip

collecting, collecting, collecting

appointed to focus  
word of mouth is  
what we are looking for

this and that and we learn really fast

the work is flavored from last night

i can move all the furniture  
by myself

i'm sick of weddings, caterings,  
unloading jeeps,  
ordering paper

i wanted to die  
documenting a war zone

collecting, hoarding

an entire, room by room, list of my things

no peace in my presence

me, an introduction

me, a starter pack

it's been hard work

they say

searching the ruins

what i could get for nothing

is what i need

withdrawing into

headaches, naps,

books, magazines,

the cocktail hour

passing fancy

to putter, to poke around

it, decisive

it, love in all it's facets

all my words for working

dehydrated staring

coping mechanisms vary

i purchase, i participate

studious habits to fall back on

and attack

surface, depth

weak tea

if i can have your attention,  
your quiet beauty

miss calvin klein  
miss hocus pocus

overeducated dulling  
experimental me

no hairbrush  
show and tell and declutter  
admiration, love  
all my stuff

rags to riches  
not poor, i mean  
but savings poor  
life rich  
rich in spirit  
i quit

remarkably good  
at not working  
or withholding key details  
such as  
“my art is complete”

i write in the first person plural

goodbye,  
i'm expensive in finer fiction

nothing if not public  
rehearsed blow by blow

by collecting vast quantities of information  
i can target you with precision

click bait but in real life

obsessive endless nowhere archive

people who break things  
nothing particularly tragic

i keep my distance from empty rhetoric  
pursued and beat to death

ronde infinie des obstines  
the unending dance of the stubborn

great literature serves some great purpose  
as if

except those that resemble me  
more interested in the ritual than the content  
you know i keep you in my pocket

who's streets?  
our streets!

trespassing!

romantic, in a may 68 sort of way

dovercourt meeting place  
dovercourt vicarious myth

here  
everyone is yelling  
“where the fuck is my money”  
7am important thing morning

the sun goes up,  
we go missing

the anxiety that wakes you  
and puts me back to sleep

amnesty me  
i have had enough

don't folklore me  
in three-plus-two rhythm

too soon to tear down the barricades

je suis new yorker  
je suis paris review  
je suis art forum  
as long as we keep arguing

an immediate schedule  
known by heart

one sings, the other doesn't

making sense only out of context  
repaving the ground with good intentions

cliche, in french,  
meaning photograph

documentary techniques  
blending truth and fiction  
and pointing it out

me, the audience  
me, my real name  
me, sweating renaissance

naturally good  
je n'y arrive pas

a tragedy, my love  
of destination

i will be reporting  
from my desk

a drone shot:  
meeting my gaze head on

a tragedy,  
i'm eager to see

me, without the slightest indifference  
me, supressing awareness

fact seeking  
accidental death  
altogether too much space

gramsci in prison  
de sade in prison  
wilde in prison  
and the rest

backpack, cash  
love goes to press

daily life,  
but not everyone's daily life

you couldn't be careful all the time

this happened,  
that happened,  
this always happens to me this way

drunk accident optimistic  
resisting biography

the south of france,  
a lover present

a finicky voice speaks,  
“eventually love shoots you in the head”

when did i become worried  
life, being hard, mostly  
when and how i will go

no york to run away to  
so i walked

suggesting my ambition is  
a death sentence

english as a second language  
in a non-fun way

wish you were here  
a master's degree  
in psychology  
or counseling

passing out to slow music

new career  
255th dream

searching for my other half  
who left the bed before noon  
wanting me to stay asleep

fuck this mint tea  
everything i do seems to hurt me

fruit in the morning  
survival instincts of a nectarine

everything fake plant scenery  
devoted prayer singing

visible trance  
constellation gemini by night

red, rouge  
me, you  
isn't that love?

me, a little bit beuys  
riding my bike too fast  
avoiding blue coats  
xerox noise  
acid free archival  
subliminally enhanced  
macbook majesty

you, a yard sale  
defining “choice”  
answered with a band-aid  
no business card  
but taking care of it  
en route to naropa pilates

made in america  
discipline in any sequence

avoiding the passive voice  
manuscript never enough

and again,

holy mountain semicolon  
what would i look like  
waiting  
less than enthusiastic  
destructive casualness

according to ability  
according to need  
born in january  
born in may

classification:  
you help me to exist as  
a dependent clause  
better end to my story

on stupid vacation  
i forgot my toothbrush  
my teeth hurt

i wanted a coffee  
but i settled for beer  
and seventeen dollar eggs

our plans are concrete

a sweater gets stuffed into the front of one's jeans  
and sticks out the back  
they call that the 'tennessee tuck'

they call it that

too fancy, too clean

close to the mainstream  
who could be certain?

do i cut my hair because it's fall  
i mean, whatever

a spiritual retreat  
a journey towards healing

i like you in that jacket, zipped up to the collar  
faux-fur salut ca va

drive safe, a mother could be in this car

i wanted to find a spot, you know  
for both of us  
under this blanket  
vraiment  
i don't ca-a-re

i'm not moving here  
i changed my mind

all clerical error

but the sun shines so nicely,  
merci

no change, superb  
it's busy, i'm smiling  
standards are down

call me by your ex's name  
- the last three, at least

“literally,”  
meaning  
“figuratively”

hood up,  
15 degrees colder than i'm used to

discussing the weather, boring  
all noses point down  
absorbing wind at the bridge

you're too hard on ourselves

“work,”  
“crime”

creative problem solving

i'm telling you,  
i'm fucking serene

arugula simple interest

art criticism  
the second drink, solved

interrupted by a ring tone,  
a sour voice insists it set to silent

fuck it, let's go to urban outfitters

i need an escape

maybe i will fake an accent  
barricade myself indoors  
argue my name  
through emails

basic house maintenance  
watering plants  
and learning quiet  
like most

and quitting smoking

i'm stinky, same clothes  
six days and waiting

why am i complaining  
on vacation

variations on a theme

withdrawing into research  
unfinished focus

like most adventures i've had

you speaking greek in your sleep

i don't black coffee dream  
somehow keep thinking

i packed your bag  
you call us a cab  
what time is it  
time to go

for immediate use  
lapsing at syllable's end  
early morning  
distinguishing  
an annual disappointment  
as i live and breathe

after all  
something must be done  
about your poise

knock on wood

sunglasses and traffic  
the heat's on  
and the hot water  
stays hot

patience

against all odds  
and discretion

not exactly a twist of lemon

pitch fatigue

i've been trying  
it must be the language barrier

new yorker at the cosmetic counter  
they guess  
i definitely said yes

no glasses help eyes dry  
why my anxiety lately

someone states  
“sometimes domestic terrorism is necessary”  
and is greeted unenthusiastically

i persist  
singing songs of civil war  
that don't belong to me

“it's us versus them”  
or rather  
“it's them versus them”

an oversight

pronouncing words without speaking  
in your head, i mean

the worst kind of  
analytical self  
chronicling

parallel passions

not sentimental  
laughing, feeling nothing

notes, folds, underlines

systems of intimacy

counterintuitive  
really, a labor of love

remaining helpless  
waiting for hummus

notepads, cameras  
unfortunately  
ruining the story

sugar in your cappuccino  
october 4th

not rent paid but patio eating

“you work hard”  
but i don’t think about it

i mean, the work

i fail long-term existing

these days, i’m an answering machine:  
i’m not here, i’ll get back to you soon

my essay didn't start  
with a fantastic opening sentence

what accurate information do i need?

october 11th

my life has become altogether too recreational  
very different from where i was

- 10 years ago

- 2 years ago

maybe, victim complex but hey, i'm trying

“i'm too old to change”

a bitter end for a well-beaten horse

thus, proving my thesis

am i working linear  
or past tense

temporal clues  
clouding pleasure

cheque, please

transcribe this and  
atomize me

repeatedly visiting  
ground zero

this tendency to obsess  
on never getting better

undiagnosed mental illness  
because hey,  
who wants to know why they're fucked

then i would have to make strides  
to fix it

a whole  
landscape  
of experience

there is nothing i can't google

obsessive cataloging  
it doesn't matter what you have  
as long as you have a lot of it

objet trouve

put it on a grid please  
fine, whatever

right click -> view source

club soda no show  
uncomfortable with vomit

save as copy

various index system  
the library of babel

comma, comma, period

information vandalism

paywall, author, punisher

i'm excited for our year of  
conventional symmetry

freedom is not something you live down

clap clap  
no guts clap  
no glory  
clap clap

you've got the wrong guy  
no, you don't  
ok, just checking

too easy

do you see the difference?  
no, that's disgusting

i feel out of place  
smiling with my teeth

take a woman like you

grown ups  
add texture  
punching a wall

it's nice to be seen

you create the problem  
when you assume these things

i remember thinking  
what would i even hide in a secret hiding place?

inconvenient, but important  
that's not what it's called  
tempura

mutually assured destruction

i'd roll the dice for that

why would you go through someone's phone, though?

perspective, i guess

it's my guggenheim  
and this is my process

the ugliest people write the best poetry

wait, i read that wrong

it's not a competition, of course

this is taking  
FOREVER

it's almost the witching hour  
of metric validation

1-9-8-8

even in death,  
a colossal pain in my ass

yeah, right, of course  
and everything turned out fine

god, i could be so lucky  
if not surprised

an origin story:  
registered without choice

rendered in an identical style  
it's not your fault

file THAT under future problems

doors slam,  
that's how things happen

a raincoat, an umbrella  
tell him what he wants to hear

incomplete  
as a reference  
worth it

i would love to, but i can't

suggesting warmth

i can't tell if i'm functioning

thursdays are long, painful days  
for those who work weekends

can you grab me a name brand advil  
and an .avi rip of something familiar?

something safe and boring

star charts  
and you are?

i shoot, you run

i need throw up but i keep asking for more

evoking an explicit position  
where i lie about writing

yeah, totally, if i can

soaked in a very specific virtue

newsflash  
this is my most authentic self

CCTV me

amazon package arrow  
formal color studies

woah woah woah

save password  
effortless

fair use copyright

you know i love you forever  
stop me if you think that you've heard this one before

loved loved loved  
every page

what kind of message is that

you're right, i'm sorry  
coffee?

not for sex  
not for art

*i'm onto you*

memorex suits me just fine

etymology: “loss”

one step further  
precisely why

i'm competing for attention

i hate this show  
nude pixelated nightmare 9/11  
she has a gun

here's a nice dress, i'm spinning  
straddling format

you sleep with your phone under your pillow  
you, you look greek with your hair unwashed

the future?  
no, fuchsia

individual circumstances  
pertaining to essence

the pleasure principle

the worst thing she ever did, you know

i didn't know she released a book about it

extinction looms  
in the scenario i'm about to describe

a sexual fantasy

can we start over

love is a mystery  
a incomplete collection of prose

it's too late for you to tell me  
about your favorite movie

no doubt about it  
dinner party escape

the work was complete  
but quickly abandoned

saying nothing ever  
not excited

but worker's hands

whichever case  
into place, perfectly

just take it nice and slow  
unless it was actually spontaneous

just like in the movies  
a verb

well, now daytime  
don't even think about it

disappear and don't say goodbye

killing time, they call it

organization  
puffy eyes

masculine energy

right now?  
right now

not good with directions  
well, no, great at identifying landmarks  
yeah, like what convenience store you prefer

turn right there

red stop light slow to green

where the tags were  
just a hint of paint

buffed but it's been there

de-narration  
not a story, but a retelling

mutual warmth  
an important turning point

you're trapped  
you force yourself to adapt

the face of another  
as a bystander

i find myself silent  
ordained by a higher power  
magnified, like a close up

let's not fight anymore

i hate green tea  
nature,  
and myself

tora, tiger  
tora, prayer  
tora, tora, tora

cat, wherever you are,  
peace be with you

the end

now the real problems start

someone else's spring  
“don't die”

poetry, language, thought

i'm crying from acceptance  
knowing i'll never met another lynx

well, we are on our phones  
- then what?

low battery life

